1485 f 18

Occasion'd by the

LAMENTABLE DEATH

OF THE

Lady *PRYCE*,

SECOND WIFE

OF

Sir *JOHN PRYCE*,

Of NEWTOWN-HALL in *Montgomery-Shire*, Bar^t.

Illam etiam lauri, etiam flevêre myricæ,
Pinifer illam etiam sola sub rupe jacentem
Mænalus, & gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycæi. VIRG

LONDON:

Printed by HENRY WOODFALL, without *Temple-Bar*.

M.DCC.XL.

p®
earch
cations

18 57
SEP

THE PREFACE.

THOSE Perſons, into whoſe Hands the following Lines ſhall happen to fall, may juſtly expect to know what it was that induced the Author to write them; and more eſpecially when they are told that he himſelf is as conſcious of his own Inſufficiency for Poetry, as the Reader can poſſibly be after he has peruſed them. To ſatisfy therefore ſo reaſonable an Expectation, it is neceſſary to ſet forth what was the Inducement to undertake a Performance which the Author owns himſelf very unfit for. It was, in ſhort, to do Juſtice to the Character of a very Dear Perſon departed, the Perfections of whoſe Body and Mind might, allowing for her want of an Education ſuitable to the Condition ſhe was advanced to, have gain'd her the Eſteem and Admiration of all her Acquaintance. But ſuch is the Envy of ſome Perſons, that they cannot ſee any of their

Acquaintance call'd to a Superior Station in Life, without being ſtung with bitter Reſentments againſt them; and, in order to give themſelves vent, break out into the mean and wicked Practices of Slander, Detraction and Obloquy. As the vile Paſſion of Envy *is one of the moſt uneaſy and tormenting Inmates that can be, it hurries the unhappy Perſons, who are under it's malevolent Influence, to ſay and do ſuch things as are a Reproach to themſelves, and a manifeſt Contradiction, not only to Chriſtianity, but to all the Sentiments of Humanity, common Juſtice and Truth. To loſe a Perſon ſo deſervedly dear to one by the wicked and ſecret Arts of Lying and Slander, is a Circumſtance ſo very uneaſy and tormenting, that it can be only known effectually to thoſe who are ſo unhappy as feelingly to experience the Pain it gives. If therefore the Author ventures to expoſe himſelf to the Cenſure of his Readers out of a Deſire to do Juſtice to injur'd Vertue and Innocence, he makes no queſtion but ſuch of them as are endued with the generous, and tender Sentiments of Compaſſion and Humanity, will admit the ſad Occaſion as an Excuſe for the Performance, how ill ſoever conducted: eſpecially conſidering it was done when he was in a very ill State of Health, and labouring under the Preſſure of exceeding great Affliction.*

In fine, the Reader may be aſſur'd that he will find nothing, the Endeavours towards a Poetical Machinery excepted, but what the Author has all the reaſon in the World to aſſert as ſtrictly true, which 'tis hoped will, in ſome meaſure, attone for the Inaccuracy of the following Attempt; ſince Truth *is ever valuable in the plaineſt, and moſt uncomely Dreſs.*

As a ſupplemental Apology for the Author, it may not be amiſs to ſubjoin the following Lines from Tickell's *Lamentation of the Death of Mr.* Addiſon.

" What Mourner ever felt Poetic Fires!
" Slow comes the Verſe, that real Woe inſpires:
" Grief unaffected ſuits but ill with Art,
" Or flowing Numbers with a bleeding Heart.

Occaſion'd

In fine, the Reader may be affur'd that he will find no-
thing, in Endeavours towards a Poetical Machinery ex-
cepted, but what the Author has all the reason in the World
to affert as Strictly true, which is hoped will, in Some
measure, atone for the Inaccuracy of the following Ad-
dress; Since Truth is ever valuable in the plainest and
most accurate Dress.

It is a Supplemental Apology for the Author, it may not
be amiss to subjoin the following Lines from Tickell's Im-
mitation of the Death of Mr. Addilon.

" What Mourner ever felt Poetic Fire!
" Slow comes the Verse, that real Woe inspire:
" Grief unaffected fuits but ill with Art,
" Or flowing Numbers with a bleeding Heart.

Occafion'd

Occaſion'd by the

LAMENTABLE DEATH

OF THE

Lady *PRYCE.*

DESCEND my Muſe, among the tuneful Throng,
Melpomene the Chief in Tragic Song
Deſcend the Hill in Sable Veſture clad,
Sable as dark as *Erebus*; the ſad,
The gloomy Enſigns of a cruel Fate,
And rueful Emblems of the Widow'd State.
Inſpire my plaintive Reed with tragic Lays,
And teach my Lyre to chant MARIA's Praiſe.

MARIA's gone! the Dear, the lovely Fair!
In whom all Graces, all Perfections were
Of Limb, of Shape, of Features, Mien and Air.

Her tender Limbs ſo elegantly turn'd,
Tranſcendent Form and Symmetry adorn'd.
The curious Out-lines of her matchleſs Hand,
The wary Pencil's ſtricteſt Cares demand.
Her ſlender Fingers all the Painter's Skill,
The Poet's labour'd Numbers, and the weary'd Quill
Employ; the Strength of all their Pow'rs require,
And call forth all their utmoſt Force and Fire.
Her glowing Palms with Strawb'ry Dyes were ſtain'd,
And on their Backs the faireſt Lillies reign'd.
Her purple Veins meand'ring Streams appear'd,
Which gently gliding through the ſwelling Muſcles ſteer'd
Their ſoft delightful Courſe; her ſnowy Arms,
Unfolded, have diſplay'd a thouſand Charms.
Unnumber'd Beauties form'd her lovely Face,
And Love, and Virtue, ſhone in ev'ry Trace.
The Roſes and the Lillies revell'd there,
And with joint Empire each poſſeſs'd the Sphere.
But how, or in what Words ſhall I deſcry,
The ſhining Luſtre of her rolling Eye,
Tho' black as Hyacinths, her bluſhing Cheek,
Her ever modeſt Look, and Aſpect meek;
Her little Mouth, and Coral Lips, and Noſe,
Her charming Forehead, and her pencil'd Brows?

Aid me, *Apelles*, with thy heav'nly Art;
The myſtic Wonders of thy Skill impart.
Inſtruct me how to ſhew her lovely Face,
Was but the Shadow of ſome inward Grace;
Some piercing Ray of that more ſplendid Light,
That ting'd her outward Form, and ſhone ſo bright.

FROM the firſt Dawnings of her infant Days,
Ere that bleſt Hour my Eyes firſt learn'd to gaze
On Dear MARIA's Charms, the tender Maid,
Her ſtrict Attendance at the Temple paid.
Her decent Looks, and reverential Fear,
Confeſs'd ſhe knew the Cauſe ſhe worſhip'd there.
Nor was her early Piety confin'd,
To Virtues only of one ſingle kind:
The diff'rent Species in her tender Soul
(When Life's warm Torrent firſt began to roll)
Of Meekneſs, Mildneſs, Quietude, and Eaſe,
Of Truth, and Juſtice, Righteouſneſs, and Peace,
Of Friendſhip conſtant, and of Love unfeign'd,
Of Chaſtity which in her Boſom reign'd;
Which Modeſty adorn'd with ample Grace,
Juſt as her Bluſhes did her lovely Face.

Of Charity to Poor, and Lame, and Blind;
With tender Pity, and Compaſſion join'd,
To thoſe that ſuffer'd, and were ſore diſtreſs'd
With Grief, though not with Pain or Want oppreſs'd.
Theſe Virtues trod with her the infant Stage;
Bloom'd with her Youth, and ripen'd with her Age.
Theſe drew the Eyes, engag'd the Hearts of all
Who breath'd the vital Air ſhe drew; whilſt pale,
Dumb Envy drop'd her twiſted Snakes to ſee,
The faireſt Bloſſoms on this tender Tree.
But Envy, tho' ſhe ſlumbers for a while,
Will not ſit eaſy, nor for ever ſtill.
The reſtleſs Fiend her poiſon'd Arrows takes,
Her venom'd Scorpions, and her hiſſing Snakes.
Reſumes her wonted Fury, all on fire,
To vex the Fair; her Fellow-Fiends conſpire
With her to execute the black Deſign;
And in their *Pandæmonium* all combine,
In Council ſate, to blaſt Maria's Fame,
And o'er her Virtues caſt a Cloud of Shame.
There they their helliſh Politicks diſcloſe,
Their magic Schemes each Fiend to t'other ſhews;
Though none approv'd; till from among the Crew,
Envy's Firſt-born, the baneful *Fury* flew;

Her

Her Lips all Falſhood, practis'd o'er and o'er,
Her horrid Locks all ſtain'd with Virgin Gore;
Her Front as hard as Adamant, her Breath
More peſtilential than the Blight of Death,
And thus addreſs'd her Dam. The Task be mine.
My lying Tongue can ſap, and undermine
Fair *Virtue*'s ſtrongeſt holds; can level low
Her lofty Tow'rs, and make the Fabrick bow
It's ponderous Weight to Earth; among vile Weeds,
And Rubbiſh lie, which wild Confuſion breeds.
My dire contagious Breath, and venom'd Store
Of ſubt'leſt Poiſons on the faireſt Flow'r
The Pride and Glory of the Field, ſent forth,
Will ruin all it's fragrant Pow'r and Worth;
It's native Beauty wither and decay,
Deſpoil and tarniſh all it's bright Array,
Parch up it's Folds, and chaſe it's Sweets away.

MARIA's now the Object of our Hate;
Since he who ſoon intends her for his Mate,
One of our Choice, another Nymph might wed,
Whom we might deem the Partner of his Bed.
I *Pharmaceutria* of the preſent Age,
On her will execute my utmoſt Rage.

My

My magic Spells ſhall force the am'rous Swain
From his lov'd Nymph's Embrace; or if in vain
Th' Attempt be made, within ſome borrow'd Shape
(That of an anxious buſy Friend I'll ape)
My wily Plots, my ſecret Snares I'll lay,
And in the ſhape of Friendſhip ſurely ſlay
Their infant Love, ere yet it doth arrive
To ſuch Degrees of Warmth, ſuch Strength receive,
As all my Snares can't fetter nor retain,
The reſolute, the fixt, the conſtant Swain.
Or if my haggard Looks, and hollow Eyes,
Stare through this Varniſh, through this thin Diſguiſe,
And I the vengeful *Fury* and the *Fiend*
Appear at length, and not the faithful Friend;
I'll urge ſome fond Relations to bemoan
(Who doat on Wealth and Splendour not their own)
His hap'leſs Fires: t' adviſe, entreat, diſſuade,
The Faithful Lover from the Charming Maid.
But ſhould theſe Schemes at length abortive prove,
And all theſe Stratagems too weak for Love,
One other ſurer ſubt'ler Courſe I'll take.
The pois'nous Scum, and Filth of *Hell* I'll rake,
With thoſe more pois'nous Dregs which I an heap
On my own Dunghill laid, in ſtore to keep

Againſt

Againſt a welcome Seaſon, to diſcharge
The fatal Load on thoſe I hate at large.
This filthy Stink-pot, this compounded Load
Of peſtilential Mire, like a Toad,
Full fraught with angry Venom, at the head,
Of fair MARIA will I caſt, then lead,
My *Fury-Siſters* to behold the Sight,
The curſed dire Effects of *Helliſh* Spite.
Beſpatter'd thus her Swain will ſure forſake
Th' intended Bride, and now ſome other take,
To fill thoſe Arms which long'd for her Embrace,
When he beholds her ſmear'd with foul Diſgrace.
Yet if he ſhould retain his tender Love,
And think her, what ſhe is, a harmleſs Dove;
If notwithſtanding all theſe Efforts to undo
The Gordian Tyes, he proves ſtill conſtant; lo!
The loathſome Stench of theſe Ingredients caſt
On her, this certain Plague, will firſt or laſt,
Work the deſign'd Effect; for tho' ſhe may endure
The fatal Ill a while, yet tho' 'tis ſlow 'tis ſure.

THUS ſpake the haggard *Fiend*, and then retir'd
To practiſe what ſhe taught. Her *Mother* fir'd

With

With rapt'rous Joys, tranſported thus to ſee,
Her *Daughter's* Image and her own agree,
In all it's Out-lines, Features, Lineaments,
It's borrow'd Smiles, it's Graces, Teguments,
It's various Colours, and vindictive Frowns;
Her Firſt-born Daughter ſtrait the *Fury* owns;
And thrice embrac'd, and thrice extoll'd the *Fiend*,
As for ſome mighty Miſchief, for ſome Plague deſign'd.

THIS Praiſe receiv'd, the horrid *Fiend* now grows
More active; and her Blood with double Vigour flows
Through her diſtended Veins; impatient for th' Event,
Her Thoughts, and all her Powers wholly bent,
On deſtin'd Cruelty, with foaming Lips
Impregnated with bitter Juices, ſtrait ſhe dips
Into th' *Infernal* boiling Flood, to rectify,
Thoſe fatal Drugs, t' exalt the Poiſon high,
Within th' Alembick of her cruel Heart;
A Heart well form'd to act the cruel Part.
Then from the Centre of *Hell's* nether Jakes,
Moſt noiſom, peſtilential Filth ſhe takes.
Full fraught with theſe, from thence ſhe ſallies forth,
To ſully chaſte MARIA's Honour, Worth,

And ſpotleſs Innocence; the precious Gems,
That all chaſte Nymphs adorn; the Diadems
That all ſhou'd covet, all more highly rate,
Than the mere empty Sounds of Rich or Great.
Surcharg'd with theſe the bloody *Hell-hound* roams,
And finds the harmleſs Nymph, at her ſhe foams,
And darts her black malignant ſubtil Juice,
In vengeful Malice, and in vile Abuſe,
Beſmears her ſpotleſs Robe with all that Mire,
She brought from *Stygian Soil*, to ſate her damn'd Deſire.

JUST like a Lamb the meek MARIA ſtood,
Nor did repeated Inſults fire her Blood,
To recompenſe theſe Wrongs with ſudden Rage;
Or keep her Wrath in ſtore, till a more proper Age
To execute her Vengeance on the Foe;
Leſt that might cauſe ſome other future Woe:
Might fire her Swain to vindicate her Wrongs,
Revenge the Ills ſuſtain'd by ſland'rous Tongues,
With Whips and Scorpions laſh the Monſters fell,
And ſcourge the baneful *Fury* back to *Hell*.
Becauſe, ſhe ſaid, ſhe knew her Swain was warm,
By Nature form'd to take the firſt Alarm,
She'd rather ſuffer this than cauſe ſome greater Harm.

For this kind Cauſe, and with this tender View,
The peaceful Nymph forbore, tho' urg'd, to ſue
The *Furies* out, to know them all by Name,
And who they were that ſtain'd her Virgin Fame.
Secure of Innocence, commits her Cauſe
To Jove; *Almighty* Jove the Virgin's Cauſe
Regards, and ſends the voluntary Swains,
On whom, with her, dire Envy laid theſe Stains,
To purge themſelves and her by ſolemn Oaths,
Recorded here, and in the Courts of Jove.

SO when Sol's pure and radiant Beams lie hid,
Behind the Covert of ſome ſullen Cloud;
Jove ſends his ſpeedy Meſſengers that blow,
Through the vaſt mighty Concave here below,
On willing Wings to chaſe that Cloud away:
Sol ſhines again, and gilds a glorious Day.
And now, my Muſe, deſcribe the tender Maid,
When varying Dyes her ſudden Fears betray'd,
When on Sabrina's verdant Banks ſhe ſtood,
Refreſh'd with Zephyrs from the ſilver Flood,
When bruſhing through th' adjoining Thicket ſpy'd
Her Swain, whoſe Steps by chance, at Even-tide,

Were that way led, to ſeek a cool Retreat,
From burning Solſtice, and from Summer's Heat.
Set forth the wild Confuſion which appear'd
In ev'ry Look, and how ſhe bluſh'd, and how ſhe fear'd;
And how ſhe told her Fellow-Nymph who ſtroll'd
With her to view the Streams, and how the Current roll'd,
Some other Seaſon we'll again ſurvey
Theſe pleaſing Scenes; ſome other ſultry Day,
Our wandring Steps ſhall lead us here this way,
T' enjoy this cooling Breeze, this gentle Shade.
But when the Swain approach'd the lovely Maid
By near Advances, what a dread Surprize
Spoke in her Cheeks, and in her down-caſt Eyes,
Which ſhot thoſe Beauties which they'd fain ſuppreſs;
Beauties which human Language can't expreſs.
Such as the Lover's Mind can ſtrongly feel;
Yet ſuch the Lover's Tongue cannot reveal.
How to outvie each other in her Face,
The Roſes and the Lillies ſtrove to place
Alternately their Charms; ſuch Conflicts ſtrove
In chaſte Maria's Breaſt, until Heart-ſearching Jove,
The faithful Swain invok'd to Witneſs from above,
That all was pure and chaſte, that all was legal Love.

Somewhat too close upon Thomson — see Musidora —

By the moſt ſolemn Vows addreſs'd th' Imperial Throne,
That him no other Paſſions mov'd than ſuch alone,
As ſerv'd to make *her Fleſh his Fleſh*, *her Bone his Bone.*

'TWAS then, and not till then the Nymph was free,
From reſtleſs Doubts, and dire Anxiety.
But tho' thoſe Tumults then began to ceaſe,
And all the warring Strife grew calm'd in Peace;
Yet durſt ſhe not alone thoſe ſhady Wilds eſſay
Without ſome other modeſt Nymph, to ſtray
Along the Side of thoſe delightful Streams,
Whoſe purling Sounds ſuch pleaſing happy Dreams
Beget in Lovers, as the *Muſes* ſay,
To feed fond Hopes, and caſt Deſpair away.
Until ſome ſurer Method was devis'd
To baniſh Virgin Fears which tyranniz'd,
With arbitrary and reſiſtleſs Sway,
O'er her chaſte Mind, which did their Laws obey.
Her Swain did then a previous Contract make,
With the dear bluſhing Nymph, and undertake
The ſtrict Diſcharge of all thoſe ſolemn Vows,
To HYMEN made by him who leads a Spouſe
Through HYMEN's ſacred Dome. The Virgin now
Recites her Portion of the Nuptial Vow,

With

With fixt and ſerious, and delib'rate Thought:
With joint Addreſs the happy Pair beſought
The Gods to hear their plighted Vows, to ſee
Their firm join'd Hands, their Hearts, their Souls agree.
Then on a Skin a harmleſs Lamb had worn,
Theſe Vows, theſe ſacred Oaths, by each one ſworn,
Enrolled were, and ſign'd with faithful Hands,
Exchang'd, deliver'd, as the willing Bands
The Nymph accepted, and the Swain beſtow'd,
In Sight of Heaven, and the Nuptial God.
And now, curs'd **Envy!** what can'ſt thou deſcry,
With that malicious, with that half-ſhut Eye?
To *Hell* avant, be gone, and there confeſs,
For once th' unerring Truth; as once no leſs,
Upon a certain time, thy lying Parent did;
When from Jove's piercing Sight the *Fiend* cou'd not lie hid.
Say that upon this wide-extended Plain,
The *Delian Goddeſs*, not her Virgin Train,
A Nymph more chaſte cou'd boaſt; tho' to the ſhady Grove,
She now ſo oft repair'd, to meet her faithful Love.
To walk, and chat, and chide the tedious Hours away,
That roll'd between that Sun, and that more happy Day,
When thoſe bleſt Vows renew'd by Marriage-Rite,
Should ſtand confirm'd in Hymen's ſacred Sight.

Within

Within theſe ſlender Elms to contemplate,
The ſudden Changes of this mortal State:
With thoſe ſucceſſive Lights and Shades by Trees
Wav'd by the Summer's gentle Ev'ning Breeze,
Beſtrew'd upon the Ground do ſhadow forth;
And paint the real, true, intrinſick Worth
Of human Joys, in this uncertain Life;
Where all things are at variance, all at ſtrife:
Where all things are inconſtant, but our Fate,
The World's Impertinence, and cruel Hate
Of envious Minds, Reproaches, Slanders, Lyes;
Which not the ſacred Bands, nor ſtricteſt Tyes
Of Gratitude, of Friendſhip, Kindred, can reſtrain:
A Life of conſtant Miſery, of conſtant Pain.
Only ſome few, ſome lucid Hours are found;
Like the ſmall Gleams of Light upon the Ground,
Shot through the ſhady Grove to gild the Gloom
With chequer'd Rays: as if in Nature's Loom,
The diff'rent Colours interwoven lie,
One to expreſs the other ſtronger by.
Sun-ſhine and Shade, like Joy and Sorrow blend,
And mutual Helps to one another lend.
And theſe, like thoſe, of ſhort Duration too.
The one by tender Gales which gently blow

Through

Through murm'ring Leaves, ſtrait ſhew themſelves and die:
On Eagle's Wings to their own native Sky
The other whirl'd by rougher Storms away,
Shine but a Moment, and the next decay.
Beneath the Covert of each ſhady Bough,
Where humble Plants with gaudy Flowers grow,
Indulgent Sol tranſmits alternate Rays;
And now the Plant, and now the Flow'r ſurveys,
As Objects of his laviſh Bounty ſhed on all,
That vegetate upon this vaſt capacious Ball:
One while the Flower gilds, the next the Plant;
Now warms the *Hero*, and anon the *Ant*;
Transfers from one to t'other Light and Heat;
Diffuſive Favours to the Small and Great.

SO bounteous Jove his Riches does diſpenſe,
To lofty Folk, and humble Innocence,
By turns, as ſuits his mighty Wiſdom beſt;
While one is rais'd, another is depreſs'd:
Thus gives, thus takes, exchanges and tranſlates,
O'erturns vaſt Empires, raiſes little States,
Now ſhow'rs down Plenty on the hungry Soul,
And now withdraws the overflowing Bowl

From

From Princely Lips; the Mighty he puts down,
And raiſes up on high the humble honeſt Clown.

THUS the fond Pair employ'd their ling'ring Hours
Near purling Streams, in Groves, and bliſsful Bowers,
Till frozen HYEMS, and a rougher Sky,
Thoſe pleaſing Haunts, thoſe harmleſs Joys deny;
And force them from theſe ſhady Scenes to find,
Protection from th' inclement Air, and boiſt'rous Wind,
Among the Houſhold Gods; and to retire,
From Summer Grottos, to the Winter Fire:
There to recite the dear fond Tale again;
To cheriſh Love, and ſooth the reſtleſs Pain,
Which dull Delay procur'd. But HYEMS now,
Ent'ring the other Solſtice, clad with Snow,
And hoary Froſts, indulgent HYMEN lights
His Nuptial Torches, and the Pair invites,
To plight their Faith, and join their Hands anew.
Forthwith the Swain the bluſhing Virgin drew
To HYMEN's Altars, and the Throne of LOVE;
Of chaſte connubial Love; the Pow'rs above
Hear and confirm the willing Vows, and ſeal
A Counterpart in Heav'n———————
And now, my Muſe, withdraw; no more reveal.

HAIL

HAIL holy Marriage, thou myſterious Rite divine!
Whoſe ſacred Bands (thoſe golden Chains) detain, confine,
And fix our wand'ring Paſſions to a ſingle Choice:
Fair Virtue's Barrier, ſureſt Guard from brutal Vice:
Firm Union of concording Souls, of Friendſhip pure
The ſtrongeſt Cement, laſting, able to endure,
While Life does laſt, and, after Death, tranſlate
Thy binding Faculties into a firmer State,
Where Love it ſelf improves, and ever is the ſame,
For endleſs Ages burns an unconſuming Flame:
Fountain of human Happineſs, and ſocial Joys:
An inexhauſted Fund of Sweets, which e'er employs
The tend'reſt, warmeſt, beſt Affections of the Soul;
In whoſe dear, chaſte Embrace, ten thouſand Tranſports roll.
The firſt divine Command that iſſu'd out from Heaven,
And did convey to Earth the greateſt Bleſſing given.

AND now, my Muſe, conceal not, but diſcloſe,
How like the bluſhing Morn MARIA roſe,
From downy Sleep, and gentle ſoft Repoſe.
How on her Steps the little Graces wait,
And ſmiling Loves her Equipage compleat.
And how Humility, that winning Grace,
From firſt to laſt, maintain'd an equal Pace

With her through all the diff'rent Scenes of Life;
In Youth, in Prime, a Maiden, and a Wife.
Her Heav'nly Mind not ting'd with fulſome Pride,
Maintain'd its Station in the lovely Bride.
No way exalted in her Mind, ſhe gain'd
The Praiſe of all, but thoſe, whoſe Malice ſtain'd,
So undeſervedly, her Virgin Fame;
They ſtill remain'd implacable, were ſtill the ſame:
And ſuch remain their vile Abettors now,
Who love the *Treaſon*, and the *Traytor* too.

NOR were theſe yet the only Vertues reign'd
In good MARIA's artleſs Breaſt unfeign'd:
A Husband now calls forth that hidden Store,
Which lay conceal'd, and unemploy'd before.
For now the fond, the tender loving Wife,
Appears in ev'ry Point, and Circumſtance of Life:
Fond without Folly, loving and yet chaſte;
Moſt ſtrictly modeſt, yet not ſtreightly lac'd:
Mild temper'd, meek, compaſſionate, and kind,
Her Ways concording, and her Will reſign'd
To his; endearing, ſtudious to obſerve
His Laws, if Laws they were, and not to ſwerve

From

From any Part of thoſe compacted Vows,
She made the Day that ſhe commenc'd his Spouſe.
The tender Wife in ev'ry Look appear'd;
Each ſilent Act beſpoke the Matter clear'd,
Beyond the utmoſt Search of Doubt's enquiring Eye,
And the invading Steps of vain Curioſity.

ADD yet to theſe, through all her wedded Life,
Her Husband's Children by his former Wife,
The tend'reſt Marks of her Affections gain'd:
Nor were thoſe greater Marks, which were obtain'd
By her own tender Progeny, the Fruit
Of both their Loves. Did not this Action ſuit,
And well comport with thoſe by which ſhe prov'd,
How dearly then, how tenderly ſhe lov'd
The Stock from whence that former Fruit had ſprang?
Learn hence ye abject, vile, and worthleſs Gang
Of cruel Step-Dames, learn from hence to ſhew,
Such good Effects from ſuch good Cauſes flow.
Learn hence, no ſurer Tokens can declare,
What your Affections for your Husbands are,
Than ſuch as ſpring from this one certain Root;
You love the *Branch*, becauſe you love the *Root*.

NOR was this all her conſtant pious Care:
Sh' invok'd the Gods by daily fervent Prayer.
Within the Limits of Domeſtick Walls,
Attended all th' important ſerious Calls
Of true Devotion, with an Heart's Deſire,
To offer up a Sacrifice by Fire:
And in her cloſe Retirement often ſpread
Her ſuppliant Hands to Heaven; and the Dread,
Immortal Jove addreſs'd with humble Suit.
Ceaſe, ceaſe, bold Muſe, give o'er the vain Purſuit,
That cloſe Receſs invade no more; for there,
None enter'd but th' Immortal Jove and her.
And while the Gods indulg'd her Health ſhe often went,
To their bleſt Courts, and at their ſacred Altars bent
Her lowly Knees, to offer there the ſweet Incenſe,
Ariſing from an honeſt Heart, and Innocence.

AND yet no fond Conceit did e'er poſſeſs
Her modeſt humble Soul. Inconſciouſneſs
Of theſe, and many other Vertues grac'd
Her moſt illuſtrious Deeds, and on them caſt
A double Luſtre, and a brighter Blaze;
And to each Vertue gave the greater Praiſe.

So

So were her outward Charms diſplay'd, reveal'd,
To other Eyes, but from her own conceal'd.
But neither cou'd her beauteous Form and Face,
Nor yet her inward Piety and Grace,
Nor the ſad plaintive Cries of the Afflicted too,
Nor Guſhings of a bleeding Heart, nor Tears of Woe,
Nor throbbing Sighs, nor fervent Pray'rs ſubdue,
The unrelenting FATES——reſiſtleſs Doom!
Nor ſave the dear-lov'd Fair-one from the yawning Tomb.

FOR now dire Envy ſees her vile Prediction true,
Her Ends accompliſh'd, and her Malice ſated too.
An Aggravation of the ſad Survivor's Grief:
A heavy Circumſtance of Woe, tho' not the chief.

MARIA's Heart now ſinks beneath that heavy Load,
The Filth and noiſom Venom of the bloated Toad.
It's ſubtil Poiſon, though it ſlept a while,
In ev'ry Veſſel now begins to boil.
Breaks the ſmooth Texture of the vital Juice,
Precipitates away, through ev'ry Sluice,
It's diſunited Parts: through ev'ry Pore,
Of Fumes and Vapours thin a copious Store

Transfuſes

Transfuſes daily; and it's oily Balm,
Conſumes to naught: exſiccates now the Palm,
And now the Sole; and, by ſlow-pac'd Degrees,
It's rapid Flames the tender Muſcles ſeize,
And parch their Fibres up; emaciates then
The goodly Frame, and ſpoils the whole Machine.

THUS the ſlow Poiſon wrought from Day to Day,
The fatal Evil by a ſore Decay;
Corroding as it paſt through ev'ry Vein,
And racking ev'ry Joint with conſtant Pain.
And yet ſhe bore thoſe cruel Tortures ſtill,
With a meek, patient, and ſubmiſſive Will.
Sure none more patiently ſuſtain'd ſo great an Ill.

BUT tho' her vital Parts by daily Waſte
Were worn away, yet did ſhe to the laſt,
Retain the Odours of a fragrant Breath,
Sweet as the Roſe in Life, delicious at her Death.
And tho' the *King of Terrours* march'd ſo ſlow,
Stalking along in all his Pomp of Woe,
Yet did the ſmiling Innocent appear,
Undaunted at his diſtant Strides, or near
Approaching Steps; both void of Guilt, and void of Fear.

Nay

Nay ſhe beſought the *Tyrant* to undo
The Bands of Life, and terminate her Woe:
And as her Pains ſtill more exceſſive grew,
Theſe will be over yet, ſhe ſaid, *ſhe knew.*
I do beſeech the Gods *to put an end to theſe*,
She often cry'd, *which way ſoe'er they pleaſe.*
If Death's my Lot, then ſeize my fleeting Shade,
And turn theſe Pangs to Joys which never fade,
Theſe Pangs from Wounds my cruel Foes have made.
The Gods *will eaſe me*, oft the Victim cry'd;
The Gods *will grant me what the World deny'd.*
And now I'm going to thoſe bleſt Abodes,
The bright Elyſium of th' immortal Gods;
There I ſhall find eternal Reſt and Eaſe,
And, what this ſpiteful World deny'd me, Peace.
I ſhall be happy yet, when they who caus'd theſe Pains,
May rage for ever in their penal Chains;
Condemn'd to bear this Load, and that of Blood;
For ever rolling on the boiling Flood.
But this I wiſh not—all the Harm I'll wiſh ſhall be,
May my Diſtemper ſeize them when't has done with me;
That they be known to all the World, who gave
This ſecret Stab, and brought me to my Grave.

AND

AND now, ere while her Evening Sun was ſet,
Ere ſhe to Nature paid that common Debt,
Which all muſt, ſoon or late, in Youth or Age,
Submit to pay, and quit the beaten Stage:
Unwilling to depart before ſhe caſt,
That Odium from her ſelf, her Foes had caſt
On her, Dear ſpotleſs Soul! ere while *the Prieſt*
Prepar'd the *Marriage Supper* for this *Heav'nly Gueſt*;
She warn'd the *Prieſt* t' attend her dying Words;
Thoſe pointed Arrows, heart-pervading Swords.

THIS Time I chooſe to make my juſt Defence
Before the World, and plead my Innocence;
That I no Man e'er knew, but Dear Sir John,
Throughout the World—and now I'm gone, I'm gone.
I am a dying Woman——twice ſhe ſaid:
Then, then reclin'd again her weary Head,
Up-lifted to pronounce her juſt Appeal;
Which, like ſweet Odours burnt, her laſt Farewell
Perfum'd; and now the ſacred Symbols giv'n,
The Saint prepares her ſpeedy Flight tow'rds Heav'n.
But ere ſhe went ſhe bleſt her Infant Race:
And then ſhe turn'd aſide her lovely Face,

(Still lovely ev'n in death) and dropt the ſilent Tear;
And thus diſmiſs'd a tender Mother's pious Care.

THIS diſmal Scene concluded, then ſhe turn'd again,
And fix'd her dying Eyes upon the wretched Man,
Whom ſhe ne'er griev'd before, the Partner of her Vows,
The Regent of her Heart, her miſerable Spouſe:
And from thoſe moving Looks ſuch Elocution flow'd,
As might have burſt a Heart of Stone; but ne'er allow'd
Her Lips to form the dread, the doleful Sounds, Farewell;
Convinc'd, aſſur'd, the tragic Tale would ever dwell
Within her Conſort's wounded, griev'd, tormented Breaſt,
For ever void of Comfort, ever void of Reſt.

HER Waiting-Woman next employs her kind Concern;
The other Women likewiſe, each in courſe and turn,
Who ſad Attendance paid around the mournful Bed,
And wailing o'er their Charge, ſuſtain'd her drooping Head;
Each Look beſpoke, each Accent breath'd her tender Care,
Leſt the Fatigue ſhe gave them might their Healths impair.

AND now the ſtern *Monarch* of the ſilent Grave
Executes his Tyranny; nor can Med'cines ſave

The dear-lov'd Patient from the cruel *Tyrant*'s Hands:
For now her Ev'ning Sun declines with haſte; her Sands
Run low; the Roſes and the Lillies fade apace,
And cold, damp Sweats bedew her lovely Face.
Benumb'd and frozen are thoſe ſlender Fingers now:
No more that Hand ſhall charm, nor tender Palms ſhall glow
With wonted Warmth, the vital Streams no longer flow.
Slow, creeping, languid Pulſes beat the dread Alarm,
And now point out, foretell the black impending Storm,
Which ſoon will break on her unhappy Husband's Head,
When this his greateſt Comfort, this chief Joy is fled.

BUT O! my *Muſe*, what Accents can declare,
The Pangs, the Sorrows, and the deep Deſpair,
Which fill'd his Boſom, rack'd his inmoſt Soul,
When once thoſe lovely Eyes began to roll
So heavily about---but here deſiſt---no more---
This barrs Deſcription---here it ſhuts the Door.
Thoſe raging Tumults which beſieg'd his Breaſt,
Are greatly felt, but cannot be expreſt.

AND now ſhe finds it all but fruitleſs Strife,
To ſpin out further the laſt Threads of Life:

Since what prolongs her Life, prolongs her Pain,
And that her weeping Friends purſue in vain
Their kind Endeavours to ſupport her Frame,
And feed, and cheriſh ſtill the faint expiring Flame,
With animating Cordials; ſhe declines
The fond deluſive Kindneſs, and reſigns
Her harmleſs Soul to Heav'n—but yet ſhe ſtill,
In theſe laſt Moments, yields her ready Will,
Obedient to her Husband's importuning Voice,
And does through Duty, what is not her Choice;
Is melted by his Tears, and plaintive Cries,
And ſips the proffer'd Cordial till ſhe dies.
Even when ſhe ſcarce cou'd move her nether Jaw, or cloſe
Her cold, pale Lips, no longer tinctur'd with the Roſe,
T' accept the duteous Kindneſs from his trembling Hand,
She bends ſubmiſſive to this laſt, this kind Command.
For tho' her outward Frame was ſore decay'd,
And not to be ſuſtain'd by human Aid,
The Gods, in juſtice to her injur'd Name,
Support, maintain, uphold her inward Frame;
That all might be convinc'd, with how much Eaſe
The Innocent depart, when Terrours ſeize
The guilty Mind; ſo ſtrong, ſo ſound, ſo clear,
Her intellectual Perceptions were,

She heeded ev'ry Perſon's Voice that ſpoke,
Within a Minute of the fatal Stroke;
And apt Replies return'd for ev'ry Word,
And no Expreſſion drop'd which was abſurd,
Or incoherent in the leaſt; but often ſaid,
With tranquil Eaſe of Mind, *I'm almoſt dead.*
Now I am going——in ſuch gentle Tone,
Pronounc'd theſe moving Words, and *Now I'm gone*;
That Envy fraught with rankeſt Spleen, might hence
Pronounce the Cauſe of all this Calmneſs, Innocence.
Then without Pain, or agonizing Strife,
Exchang'd this mortal for a better Life.

BY ſuch Behaviour ghaſtly Death appears
Leſs grim: nay ev'n the Face of Beauty wears.
For this diſarms him of his baneful Sting,
His Terrours all, makes him a harmleſs Thing.
Preſents him as a welcome Friend; the kind,
And ſole Relief of ev'ry tortur'd Mind.
This paints him drying up the Widow's Tears,
And freeing the Oppreſs'd from all his Fears.
This ſhews him knocking off the Pris'ner's Chains,
And curing the Diſeas'd of all his Pains.

This repreſents him op'ning Heaven's Gate,
To all who in the Wedding Garment wait:
And as that laſt, that welcome Meſſenger of Heav'n,
To all, to whom eternal Life is giv'n.

THUS happy are the Shades who fly this Earth,
On *Vertue*'s Wings, to gain a ſecond Birth.
Thrice happy they who mount on *Vertue*'s Wings!
They can look down with ſlight Contempt on Kings.
But O! unhappy they whom *Fates* ordain,
To bear that pungent Miſery, that reſtleſs Pain,
Which he who muſt ſurvive his deareſt Friend endures;
And all thoſe mighty Ills that one Great Ill procures,
The loſing of a Fair, and Good, and Tender Wife;
The greateſt Ill which can attend the human Life.

SINCE new-form'd Man in earthly Paradiſe it ſelf,
Could not be happy long without a ſecond Self,
A female Partner of his Life, *All-bounteous* JOVE,
Form'd from his Rib, that Hoard of Sweets, of Joy and Love,
A WOMAN by the firſt-bleſt happy Husband ſtyl'd.
How happy had it been, if unbeguil'd
By ſinful Arts ſhe had remain'd; for then,
Divorcing, cruel DEATH had never been.
DEATH, the curs'd Produce of that Monſter SIN!

Then

Then we, their hap'leſs Race, had not been left alone,
Each one the Abſence of their dear-lov'd Mate to moan.
Theſe Sighs unheard, theſe Racks had not been felt,
Nor flow'd theſe Tears which do from thence reſult.
But hand in hand each happy Pair, in Peace
Had trod this Globe with chearful Heart and Face,
Till Jove remov'd them to a better Place.

DESCEND Maria, leave thy bleſt Abodes,
The bright *Elyſium* of th' Immortal Gods.
Deſcend a while, and view the mournful State,
Of thy forlorn, afflicted, wretched Mate,
Doom'd to lament thy Abſence from theſe Arms,
Which have in thee enclos'd a Thouſand Charms:
A Thouſand more; a Thouſand yet, a Thouſand times;
A Thouſand ſtill, and ſtill a Thouſand times.
Regard my Sorrows with a tender Eye;
So as thou didſt when thou beheld'ſt me nigh
The Margin of my firſt-lov'd Conſort's Grave,
Ready to ſink into the deſart Cave.
Let thy long practis'd tender Pity move,
Though not thy Tears, yet ſtill thy wonted Love.
Deſcend diſrob'd of thoſe Empyreal Rays;
Or veil that Glory, and conceal that Blaze,

Encircling

Encircling thee, within ſome friendly Cloud,
To guard theſe Eyes, impair'd with Tears, which flow'd
A conſtant Drain, ſince thy Departure hence,
Illuſtrious Saint! fair ſhining Innocence.
O lend thine Ear, nor let theſe Sighs be drown'd,
In that vaſt Deluge of ecſtatic Sound,
Which fills the mighty Regions where thy tuneful Lays
With Myriads blend, to form the loud harmonious Praiſe
Of Heav'n's Monarch, who doth not deſpiſe
The mournful Hearts, or plaintive Groans and Sighs
Of the afflicted Wretch, but bends the pity'ng Ear,
And in the midſt of Praiſe, receives the melting Pray'r.
Deſcend, by his Permiſſion, here; a while
Reſtrain theſe briny Tears; theſe Woes beguile
By ſoft enchanting Words, which from thy Tongue,
Drop more melodious than the Muſes Song,
Or ſweeteſt Sounds, which, with the warbling Lyre,
Fam'd *Orpheus*, *Linus*, or *Amphion* cou'd inſpire.
Relieve the Anguiſh of this wounded Heart,
Beyond the utmoſt Stretch of human Art
To heal. Thy Preſence ſtill can warm this frozen Breaſt,
And lull this anxious Soul with Grief oppreſt,
To ſome ſoft, ſweet Repoſe, ſome downy Reſt.

Behold thy once-lov'd Husband (ſtill thy Lover) ſues
To meet thy happy Shade. Aſſiſt, my *Muſe*,
To court the Fair in better Strains than theſe:
Such Strains as may her new-rais'd Genius pleaſe.
O quit thy Joys a while; for hither ſent,
On gracious Purpoſe, and ſome kind Intent,
The reſt of thy Cœleſtial Kin repair:
O haſte thee here; thy true Love calls, my Dear:
O let me not in vain pour out my languid Breath:
O is there not ſome *Friendſhip* to be found in *Death?*
O hither ſpeed thy long-expected Flight,
My conſtant Wiſh by Day, my Dream by Night.
O had I Powers, ſuch as Will, to fly,
I'd meet my Deareſt in the midmoſt Sky,
T' attend thy wiſh'd Deſcent; but lo! theſe Chains
Faſt link'd to Earth, this heavy Load detains
My captive Soul, this Clog of Fleſh and Blood,
Weighs down in purer Æther, when it cou'd
On denſer Fluids float, and ſtem the rapid Flood.
But ſince theſe Laws are fix'd, this cannot be:
Diſdain not then, my Dear, to viſit me.
Haſte through th' Ætherial, haſte, my Love, away,
And point thy Courſe adown the Milky Way.

Within my verdant lonely Grott appear,
And thou ſhalt find a little Heaven there,
Of Joy to meet thee, and of Love ſincere.
There the fond Ivy creeps along the rocky Cave,
Embracing in it's Twines each mould'ring Part, to ſave
Impending Ruin; but theſe faithful Arms,
Could not defend from FATE thy wond'rous Charms,
Nor keep from ſore Decay. It's Tendrils thinly ſpread
Along the party-colour'd Walls, which red,
And ruſty brown, and green, and hoary Scurf,
With Years contracted, and the verdant Turf
At bottom humbly caſt beneath the Feet,
By *Nature* curiouſly diſpos'd, a ſweet
And ſoft Variety compoſe; while from the Tops
Of near adjoining Rocks, in Chryſtal Drops,
Through Moſs and Flow'rs diſtils the humid Store
Which pregnant Clouds from diſtant Regions bore.

SO from theſe Eyes diſtil, with ſilent Pace, and ſlow,
Drop after Drop ſucceeding, Floods of Woe,
Which thy too rigid Fates demand to flow.
Near here, when gentle Zephyrs wave th' adjacent Woods,
And calmly glide the Currents undiſturb'd with Floods;

When tuneful *Philomel* expands her warbling Throat,
And mimick Groves return the correſponding Note;
A limpid Stream deſcends a tow'ring Height
From Step to Step, delightful to the Sight,
Adown the craggy Rock's impervious Side:
Part boils in Froth, and Part does gently ſlide,
Through ouzy Beds of Moſs, and Earth, and Weeds
(In Form like Icicles deſcends) and ſeeds,
A round capacious Baſon at it's Baſe.
While daſhing Foam, and Dew deform it's level Face,
With Stains and Wrinkles, to protect the finny Race,
That ſport, and revel there, from common Eyes,
Or from the cunning Artiſt's fraudulent Surprize.
But when rough BOREAS clouds the azure Sky,
Or *Southern Storms* on moiſter Pinions fly;
When denſer Vapours hang on Tops of Hills,
And thence precipitate in murm'ring Rills,
And ſwell the larger Streams, the Torrent pours,
In one huge Column down at once, and ſcours
Along the proſtrate Plains with ruſhing Force,
Till in SABRINA's Waves it ends it's rapid Courſe.
Hither, my Deareſt, hither then repair
Through purer Æther, and through denſer Air;

And tell me who thy ſpotleſs Fame annoy'd,
Since 'twas the ſame thy harmleſs Life deſtroy'd.
O haſte thee hither: I impatient grow,
To dart my Vengeance at the guilty Foe;
My juſt Revenge, ye Gods! to you I make appeal.
O haſte thee hither quickly, and reveal,
That fatal Secret forg'd within th' *Abyſs of Hell:*
Tell the vile Authors of the Scandal, tell.
O let me not with endleſs Searches tire
My longing Soul, and quite exhauſt the Fire,
Which animates this Maſs. O haſte away,
And bring the ſculking Villains out to open Day:
And then what Man can do t' appeaſe thy injur'd Ghoſt,
I'll do undaunted; though a num'rous Hoſt
Of angry Dæmons ſtood to guard thy Foes;
For none but Dæmons could thy Cauſe oppoſe,
And none but ſuch would ſhield, or ſhelter thoſe.
Yet if ſo be it is the Will of Heaven,
No ſuch Commiſſion ſhall to me be given,
Still haſte thee hither, hither ſtrait repair,
And offer once again th' united Prayer
Of two concording Souls to Heaven's throne;
And humbly ſue the Pow'rs above t' attone

Thy un-appeaſed Blood; for thus the Martyrs ſue:
How long thou Holy One, juſt Judge, and true!
Ere thou avenge our Blood on them that dwell
Upon this guilty Earth? Let us appeal
For Blood by Malice ſpilt, and urge the Wrongs,
We both have ſuffer'd by th' injurious Tongues
Of lying, and invidious Monſters, who
Have caus'd thy Death, and my unutter'd Woe.
O let us pray the angry THUNDERER to ſend
His warlike Stores, whoſe dreadful Burſts do rend
The hardeſt Rocks, to rive the harder Hearts
Of thoſe, who practis'd various wicked Arts,
To ſeparate my Dearer Half from me;
And (as thou oft haſt ſaid) thy dearer Half from thee.
Or if not this, may the black threat'ning Cloud,
Hang low, and heavy o'er their Heads; and loud,
And ſtunning Peals, and Vollies, through the Air
Diſcharge abundant; may th' amazing Glare
Of frequent Flaſhes terrify their Souls
With utmoſt Dread: and as each Thunder rolls,
Extort Confeſſion from the guilty Mouth;
And from the Lips of Falſhood force the Truth.

And then, when thus they have their Guilt betray'd,
May the vile Murderers, thus ſcar'd, diſmay'd,
Seek ſhelter at the Tree, of which they're moſt afraid.
There do themſelves the Execution due,
For all thoſe fatal Ills they brought on you.

WHEN the vile Actors thus the horrid Deed have own'd,
And by their own, thy injur'd Blood atton'd;
Triumphant thou employ thy tuneful Tongue,
In warbling out the gay, victorious Song.
With this glad Triumph thou my drooping Spirits raiſe,
And tune my plaintive Reed to Hymns of Praiſe.
Shew me the wide extenſive Scale of Sounds,
That perfect Theory, thoſe juſter Grounds,
Thou late haſt learn'd in that bleſt Choir above,
And fire my Soul with pure Seraphick Love.
Teach me thy late-gain'd modulating Art,
Of var'ing Graces new in ev'ry Part.
Teach me in ſuch Cœleſtial Meaſures how to join,
In one harmonious Song, my Praiſe with thine.
And this our Tribute, in harmonious Strains,
With grateful Hearts, We'll pay to him, who reigns
Above all other Powers, and ſubdues,
And ruins thus our haughty cruel Foes.

O let me view that beauteous Form again:
One Sight of thee will eaſe my Torture, ſooth my Pain.
O cou'd I once more ſee thoſe lovely Eye-balls roll,
I'd preſs thy fleeting Boſom to my Soul:
Careſs thee with ſurprizing fond Delight,
And love thee with my Soul's full Force, and utmoſt Might;
Embrace thy happy Shade with eager Arms,
And glut theſe Eyes in feaſting on thy Charms.
O let my Soul in Raptures ſtill be loſt,
To hear thy joyful Tongue with Triumph boaſt
The boundleſs Pleaſures of thy preſent State:
O let theſe Ears hear thoſe dear Lips relate
The Wonders of Ecſtatic Bliſs and Joy;
Which always fill the Soul, yet never cloy.
What are the Gems, and what the ſplendid Robes,
Which *Innocence* adorn, deſcribe; the Robes
For thoſe who ſuffer great Affliction here;
The Crowns and Diadems which they ſhall wear.
Or if poor Mortals can't conceive below,
Some faint Idea of the Joys that flow,
Within that boundleſs Ocean of Delight,
Nor through theſe Opticks bear one dazling Ray of Light
From that Cœleſtial Fund; O teach me to aſpire
Above this earthly Droſs, this Load of Mire:

And

And thirſt for thoſe refreſhing, living Streams,
Which drank of once ſuffice; and nobler Themes,
Than ſuch this abject State inſpires, infuſe
Into my Soul; be thou henceforth my *Muſe*:
Inform my Judgment, and enlarge my Views.
Teach me ſtill more to ſcorn this dirty Earth;
And all it's mighty Pomp of Riches, Grandeur, Birth.
Then ſhall I caſt a double Scorn on thoſe,
Who undeſervedly commenc'd thy Foes.
Still, ſtill, deſpiſe the Wretches more and more,
Who fawn on Great Ones, and deſpiſe the Poor
Poſſeſs'd of all that's truly noble, great;
Though Plumes be wanting, and a Chair of State.

O! that the fleecy Care had been my Lot;
A little Cottage on ſome verdant Spot
Of Mother Earth; begirt with pleaſant Woods,
And intermingled here and there with Chryſtal Floods:
Where I might pipe my artleſs rural Song;
Or catch the Accents from thy tuneful Tongue;
Which only neighb'ring Dryads ſhou'd report
In harmleſs Mockery, and joyleſs Sport.
Or that the lowing Herds had been my Care
Without; and ever thou within, my lovely Dear.

Far from the Noiſe, and Diſcord of Mankind,
To ſolid Joys, and Comforts ever blind.
As if no People taſted Happineſs, but ſuch,
Who have great Stores, and are poſſeſs'd of much,
Of what the World calls Wealth; when, after all,
Two Yards, or three, of this Terreſtrial Ball,
Might full ſuffice at length the greateſt of them all.
Or, in ſome Rock, an humble lonely Cave,
A little Garden, and ſome Woodlands have,
For innocent Amuſement only, not for Pride;
For Shade, when Shade is wanting, and for naught beſide;
Unleſs to eccho back ſome pleaſing Strain,
With which I might regale my Nymph, or thou thy Swain.
To ſing the Pleaſures of thoſe *happy, happy Groves*,
That *witneſs* and record our *tender Loves*.
A clear ſweet Spring for various Uſes meet;
To quench our Thirſt, or waſh our weary Feet,
In all ſuch Seaſons when a ſultry Air,
Makes thoſe Refreſhments need our daily Care.
Or boil our ſlender Pittance on the Hearth,
Where naught goes round, but Love and harmleſs Mirth.
A Den which Envy would diſdain to ſeek:
The Dome too homely, and the Folk too meek,

To raiſe her Spleen, or conjure up her Spite:
A Place where Envy would not once alight,
In all her Flights, and Tours on Miſchief bent.
O any where cou'd I have pitch'd my Tent,
Where Thou and I had jointly ſpent our Days,
(So had it been where Envy never ſtrays)
Where to our MAKER true, benevolent, and juſt
To Man; and ever Faithful to the Truſt
Repos'd in us, we'd liv'd, in Peace, and Innocence;
Till hoary Years, and mild Decay, remov'd us hence,
In one determin'd Moment, both at once,
To never-ending Joys. But ſince theſe Wiſhes now,
Are vain, and fruitleſs all; O teach me how,
To raiſe my Affections up to Worlds on high.
Teach me like thee to live, like thee to die.
Be Thou, and that Dear happy Shade, who gain'd,
The firſt Poſſeſſion of my Heart, and reign'd
Once the ſole Empreſs of that little State,
My Firſt Kind, Vertuous, Chaſte, and Pious Mate;
(Whoſe precious Memory will ever bloom,
And breathe ſweet Odours in the mould'ring Tomb)
Joint Guardians, while your once-lov'd Spouſe remains,
Within theſe mortal, theſe inglorious Chains,

To guard his Thoughts by Day, watch o'er his Dreams by
Night,
And purge deluſive Error from his Sight.
And when the POWER SUPREME ſhall ſo ordain,
That DEATH ſhall end my Woes, ſhall eaſe my Pain,
Conduct me jointly to the Realms above;
Thoſe Realms of Harmony, and Joy, and Love:
There dry theſe Tears, which daily flow for you,
And nightly do theſe ſore-gall'd Cheeks bedew.
There we ſhall live for ever; nor ſhall DEATH divide
Our Manſions more; for there they ſhall abide
Inſeparate, as our Affections do:
Thoſe Bands, which DEATH himſelf cou'd not undo.
O how my Soul enjoys the pleaſing diſtant Sight,
And flutt'ring in her Cage, now labours for the Flight.
O may it well prepare to quit this Scene
Of Rapine, Falſhood, Malice, Envy, Spleen;
To ſort with Beings Loving, Faithful, True;
For then I'm ſure I ſhall conſort with you.
But ſince th' ALMIGHTY keeps the Keys of Death,
And he alone diſpoſes of our Breath;
Here we muſt ſtay to wait his gracious Call,
Rememb'ring well that we are Soldiers all;

And muſt not quit our Poſt, before he ſends
The grand Relief, and all our Labours ends.
And ſince 'tis thus, and none have leave to know
That happy Time, that Period of their Woe,
Deſcend, MARIA, chear my gloomy Days,
And theſe low, languid, fainting Spirits raiſe;
With Comforts which thy Preſence only can beſtow;
Since none can to me in thy Abſence flow.
Deſcend, and I will tell thee, if thy diſtant Sphere,
Permits thee not to know what paſſes here,
That thy Prediction is accompliſh'd, now made true,
That ſince you're *gone, they ſpeak the Truth of you.*
Stung with Compunction, now they all confeſs,
Your heavy Wrongs, and own your Righteouſneſs.
Now Multitudes, on Oath, profeſs, declare,
How undeſerv'd thoſe fatal Slanders were,
By which you ſuffer'd; and that greater Wrongs,
None ere ſuſtain'd by pois'nous lying Tongues.
All with one Voice your Innocence proclaim;
Ev'n your Defamers now their own vile Conduct blame.
For in the general Sum they muſt be found
Included, though conceal'd, and yet diſown'd.
But the tormenting Worm which gnaws within,
Will one Day (ſoon I hope) betray the Sin,

And Sinners too, that they may gain the due Rewards
Of theſe flagitious Crimes: for naught retards
My juſt Revenge, but dark Concealment, where
The Hell-hounds kennel through exceſſive Fear.
But yet how long ſoe'er the Time may be,
Ere due Attonement ſhall be made to thee;
Attonement ſhall be made, if e'er the Hell-hounds blab
The latent Miſchief out, and, who the fatal Stab
To thy Dear, harmleſs Life had given, betray.
O may I live to ſee that wiſh'd-for Day,
When they who ſhed thy Blood ſhall reek in Blood,
And roll, and wallow in a crimſon Flood;
There quench their helliſh Thirſt, and glut themſelves
with Blood.

AND, while I live, thy precious Memory ſhall be,
And thy ſweet Offspring, ever dear to me.
Each tender Image I have rais'd of thee, my Dear,
I'll harbour in my Breaſt, and warmly cheriſh there.
Sooner ſhall hoary Winter ceaſe to ſnow,
Or fam'd SABRINA's Streams forget to flow:
Sooner ſhall lofty SNOWDON, while he ſhrouds,
His proud, aſpiring Head among the Clouds,

Be

Be free from Dews, than I forget my harmleſs Dove,
Thy warm Embraces, and thy tender Love;
Thy tender Love of me, through all our Days,
From firſt to laſt, expreſs'd in divers Ways.
Thy warm Affections to my Firſt Wife's Children ſhewn,
As kindly us'd by thee, as if they were thy own,
And all the tender Acts to each, which thou haſt done.
And when the Hand of DEATH ſhall chill theſe Veins,
And he deſpotick o'er this Body reigns,
My freezing Lips ſhall utter ſtill the ſame;
My fault'ring Tongue ſhall liſp MARIA's Name.

FINIS.

P
esearch
blications